

CURTIS

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THE
HAUNT 75¢
OF
HORROR
JAN. No. 5

TALES OF TERROR--BY THE MODERN MASTERS OF FANTASY!

THE HAUNT OF HORROR™

WHERE STRIKE THE
DEMONS OF
DARKNESS
THERE STALKS
SATANA
THE DEVIL'S
DAUGHTER



THE MOST HAUNTING OCCULT STORY OF THEM ALL
GABRIEL IN THE POSSESSION OF "JENNY CHRISTOPHER"



PABLO
MARCOS

**Stan
Lee
presents**

THE HAUNT OF HORROR

Vol. 1, No. 5
January, 1975

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A 20 page **GABRIEL SHOCKER** by
Doug Moench & Sonny Trinidad

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by Doug Moench & George Evans

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David Kraft, Paul Kirchner & Rudy Nebres

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SATANA is back... with a vengeance! by
Chris Claremont & George Evans



HOTLINE TO HORROR

Dear Hosts of the Haunt,

The purpose of this letter is threefold. The first is to comment on Jan Pagot's letter in #3. The second is to comment on the issue itself. And the third is to tell you something about Doug Moench's "Last Descent to Hell."

To Jan Pagot and all those who may agree with her (him?)—I believe that you are wrong. Stories like "In The Shadows Of The City" and "The Rats" should be published. You see, for a lot of people being scared helps break up the rather dull life that they lead, and it makes their own problems seem small by comparison. Also some of us just enjoy reading things that scare us. There is nothing perverted or abnormal about this; it is just a way of escape reading.

Also, if the writers stop writing through personal viewpoints, HOH will become another stereotype of the dull comics and magazines that Marvel's competitors put out.

Now about "Last Descent To Hell." What I have to tell you about it is simply that even though he may not realize it, Doug Moench is a prophet and what he predicted will come true. Seven days from "now" Death will commit suicide and Satan will repent. But there is a catch. "Seven days from now" doesn't mean one week from today, it means one from "now," so to find out when this will happen we have to define now. For me "now" is July 20th when I am writing it. Yet if I wrote this tomorrow "now" would be July 21st, and if it takes this letter a week to reach the Marvel offices when it is read there "now" might be July 27th or July 29th. And if this is published in the letters column and a reader reads it "now" might be Nov. 18th. You see "now" is omnipresent. As long as there is "time" there will be "now." Thus it won't be until seven days after time itself, NOT just the measurement of time such hours, minutes, eons, etc. but time itself, ceases to exist that Death will commit suicide and Satan will repent.

George Hyde
662-38th Street

Brandon, Menitobe, Canada

P.S. Yes, I am a OOU MOENCH fan.

We like Doug, too. And we're sure your exposition of the time paradox would win a no-prize, if no-prizes were given for such endeavors. Instead, we hope you'll be satisfied with the knowledge that any time you need on extra week, you've got it.

Dear Marvel,

A few days ago, I bought a copy of THE HAUNT OF HORROR #3. I feel it's worth 10¢ to send this letter and get you guys back on the right track.

The mag wasn't even frightening! Maybe people like Jan Pagot and Ms. S. Otis can stomach this kind of stuff, but not me. When I buy a magazine titled

THE HAUNT OF HORROR, I want to be haunted by some horror!

Stories like "The Restless Coffin" and "The Swamp Stalkers" belong in TALES OF THE ZOMBIE. "They Wait Below" was even laughable.

"Flirting with Mr. D." was very good. I'd like to see more behind-the-scenes articles like this in future issues; I also liked "Last Descent to Hell" by Doug Moench. Not that it was terrifying (it wasn't) but that it introduced new characters and kept them for only one story. The same old characters over and over again gets very boring, and not in the least frightening.

On the whole, this ish wasn't worth the paper it was printed on.

What you should put in this mag are these: more prose features like in the first issue and more Satana. Put in some shockers like "In the Shadows" and "My Grandma Died Last Year," then get rid of your devil-hunting wonder. The Gabriel story is too unbelievable to be frightening. Add it all together and you'll have something which would scare even Satana's pussy-cats!

As for Jan Pagot's letter, I ask her why she bought a mag with the title it has if she didn't want to be frightened.

Deve Tow
10 Millstream Rd.
Amston, Ct. 06231

Sorry, Dave. Gabriel is here to stay, as much as anyone can be in a demon-ridden supernaturally-infested mag like HOH. And, to add insult to injury, we might as well use this space to announce that we plan to feature both a Gabriel and a Satana story in each upcoming issue. Maybe that scares you, huh?

Dear Marvel;

Many questions have been bothering me about your new b/w strip called Satana.

To begin with, I found the three stories about her to be slightly confusing. Satana is a very complex character, yet is she totally evil? Let me explain what I mean.

My knowledge of Satan stems from Milton's Paradise Lost. In the beginning of the poem, Satan appears to be a proud being, but an underdog, who has been driven from heaven by his creator. The reader sees his nobility as he accepts his fate, saying "The mind is its own place, and in itself/Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven." The reader sees the strength of this fallen angel, who says "To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell: Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven." However, by the end of Paradise Lost, the reader sees Seten as he truly is: not a noble underdog fighting against enormous odds (God), but an envious, destructive, hateful being.

Now let's get back to Setone. She, too, is a very

proud being. She is a succubus, who feeds on human's souls. She is the daughter of Satan, yet she is also the daughter of a human. My question is this: Is Satana going to follow her father's ways? Will she support evil in the face of good? Why does she prefer her father to her human mother?

Now to move on to the Four. Are they representatives of a higher order of good (i.e. God), or do they represent another force of evil (i.e. Chaos)? I ask that question because the Four appear to me to be forces of evil and not good. I know that in issue #2, the incantation mentioned good, in order to keep Satana on Earth and to keep her from her father, yet I still feel that the Four are evil. They remind me (in my opinion) of the ancient Spanish inquisitors; men who wore hoods and administered pain for their religion's sake. So, again, are the Four good or evil?

A few questions before I go... Will Satana see her father as he truly is, a creature of hate and deceit, lacking nobility? Or does she know what he is, and if so, why has she sided with him? Will she ever "meet" her dead mother (if she turns from her father) to regain some humanness? And (finally), will her brother ever appear in her series?

I hope my questions will be answered. I know you people are busy, but I'm sure that other readers have asked the same questions I have asked, and everyone would like some answers.

Barbara Dossy
2834 Cedar Hill Rd.
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Wow! Let's start at the top, Barbara. As you have by now discovered, through reading HOH #s 4 and 5, Satana and her father have come to a parting of the ways. The Four were not what they seemed, brutal agents of forces for good, nor was Miles Gorney what he appeared to be, a mere pawn of the Four. The confusing adventures Satana underwent were Satan's means of testing her loyalty. (Evidently, the defection of her brother Damon weighs heavily on Satana.) And, as the arch lord of deceit and trickery, what more fitting method could he devise to test Satana than a complicated web of perils, illusions, and lies?

Yet, Satan has discovered that his daughter's pride is as fierce as his own. Satana has broken with her father and chosen to try to live on Earth, stranger though she is to human civilization.

As to why Satana "prefers" her father to her mother, she was taken from her mother to Hell at the age of six, and was raised there; she doesn't even know her mother. She is an alien to normal human relationships and emotions. If Satana has "sided" with her father, it is because she has known nothing else in her life thus far.

Satana is now trapped on Earth, to face a much more extended, tougher period of testing. She is alone, but not for long. In HOH #8, Satana is scheduled to meet up with a very interesting man. Be there!

Finally, will Satana ever meet her mother or her brother? It's possible, but there are no current plans for it. Writer Chris Claremont thinks he's gotten Satana into enough hot water as it is by having her strike out on her own. Be sure you let us know how you like the way the current is flowing.



READERS' FORUM

In each issue, we reserve this space for a letter that merits special consideration by us and by you, either because of its unusual or controversial content, or because of its sure touch on a common nerve. We invite your comments about reader John Parker's ideas.

Dear Sirs:

I have a suggestion for a new format for THE HAUNT OF HORROR which I think would win favor with your reading audience. I propose that you completely reconstruct the magazine (for the third time no less. This could develop into another SAVAGE TALES!) and make it an anthology, featuring adaptations of H. P. Lovecraft, Edgar Allan Poe, and other great horror authors, both classical and contemporary. It would probably be necessary to expand the magazine to a larger size, costing one dollar. Just think of it. An entire magazine devoted to the finest in horror stories. You could even adapt entire novels and present each in one issue of the magazine.

Meanwhile, your text section could print various short stories in their original form, which would make your text section in this magazine superior to much of the illustrated work presented in other magazines. I definitely feel that there is a large audience eagerly awaiting a magazine of this type; why not put it up to a vote and find out?

John Parker
413 Olecrest
San Antonio, TX 78239

Dear Marvel:

THE HAUNT OF HORROR #3 was a fascinating issue, mainly because Doug Moench wrote almost every story in it. I know the guy has to sleep some time, but when? Once a month, maybe?

Surprisingly, Doug seemed to maintain consistently high quality throughout. "The House of Brimstone" was solid, even though marred by the confused art. (When the pencilling switched from that of Billy Graham to that of Pablo Marcos on page 15, I had a fit. I couldn't recognize any of the main characters!) The story didn't further our knowledge of Gabriel or Desadia, but at least there was plenty of tense action to make up for the simple plotline. This was an excellent example of an exorcism tale.

The rest of the issue wasn't exciting to me, except for "Flirting with Mr. D." Wow. Sure, it was a nonsense filler, but if we can believe author Moench—by this time he must be permanently punch-drunk, but even so—Strange Things Are Happening to Our Marvel Writers!

As for Part Two of "The Exorcist Tapes," the interplay of Marvel personalities was interesting, but otherwise, ho-hum... give me Pauline Kael any day.

I won't comment on "Last Descent to Hell."

James M. Winsor
Dallas, Texas

Why not, Jim? We're willing to comment on Pauline Kael.

We're sorry you didn't slaver over "The Exorcist Tapes," but we can't win 'em all.

As for Devil-May-Care Doug Moench, he not only sleeps regularly (in the daytime), but he even plays softball with the much-vaulted but diehard Marvel Comics team. Doug is a heavy hitter, a top-notch first baseman, and a lot bigger than most of us.

To Marvel,

As long as I can remember, reading has given me much pleasure. It keeps my mind healthy because I can not only be entertained but also in many cases come away with a better understanding, not only of myself but also other people, and in these days and times, one might be inclined to say that this is not a small accomplishment. Marvel has played a large part in keeping me interested in my endeavor to understand this world I live in. Recently, I have been overwhelmed by your mind-blasting expansion, and it seems I may be along for the ride.

In some of the letter columns, you have posed

some interesting questions. (1) On the question of text articles, I say a resounding, YES. (2) Blood and gore is definitely a plus. Although it could be carried to an extreme, I think Marvel has proven that it can be done without undue grossness and still be a vivid scene. (3) Another resounding YES to a science-fiction mag. YES! Black-and-white or four-color. (4) And another resounding YES to a super-hero black-and-white. Maybe Silver Surfer, or Dr. Strange, or (hint-hint) Guardians of the Galaxy. (5) Last but not least, I say UP WITH COMIC BOOKS.

Alan E. Crumb
529 Alden Ave.
Orlando, Fla. 32807

We thank you for your kind comments. You'll be glad to hear that we plan to continue to use text features; and the blood just keeps seeping... The first issue of our new black-and-white mag, UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION, is probably still on sale somewhere if you hurry and look for it. As for a black-and-white super-hero title, we came close with plans for IRON FIST, and we have strong hopes for the future. Stay tuned, Alan.

Dear Marvel,

I just begged up enough money to buy THE HAUNT OF HORROR #3. I thought the cover was very well done.

"Last Descent to Hell" was my favorite. That last panel with Judas' words was fantabuloclossal. (Yeah! That sounds good!) Glad to see the guy up in the upper left corner of your covers finally starting in a story.

"Flirting with Mr. D." got to me. It "bothered my mind." (I like it, too!)

Gabriel's story was good. When will you tell us more about Desadia?

"The Exorcist Tapes" were okay, but nothing special. The rest of the stories were crummy (nuttin' personal). I like them in this order, though: "The Swamp Stalkers," "The Restless Coffin," and "They Wait Below."

I like your HOH format. Keep it.

Curt Lymeh
5302 Jasmine Ave.
Savannah, GA 31606

Curt, the answer to the mystery of Desadia is locked in Doug Moench's brain. We've tried flattery, persuasion, and tears, and if we get desperate, we may offer Doug two tickets to the annual Armadillo Show. It's the social event of the season, but to please our readers, we'll go the limit in sacrifices.

Wait a minute, someone just suggested that we ask Doug nicely...hey, it's working! Get ready! Next issue—the Origin of Desadia!



READERS' POLL

Here's how YDU ranked the features in THE HAUNT OF HORROR #3:

- (1) "THE HOUSE OF BRIMSTONE"—our Gabriel story by DOUG MOENCH, with art by BILLY GRAHAM, PABLO MARCOS, FRANK GIACOA, and MIKE ESPOSITO (!) tied for first place with—
- (1) "LAST DESCENT TO HELL"—by DOUG MOENCH, art by FRANK SPRINGER; a short-but-chilling tale about the Grim Reaper.
- (3) "FLIRTING WITH MR. D."—an autobiographical text feature by DOUG MOENCH, rated a healthy third in the voting, and we're happy to report that Doug himself is looking well these days.
- (4) "THE EXORCIST TAPES" was the conclusion of the Bullpen's discussion of this year's most popular way of blowing \$5.
- (5) "THE RESTLESS COFFIN" by DOUG MOENCH, art by PAT BRODERICK and AL MILGROM, was the kind of semi-fact, semi-fiction tale that excites interest, even in a three-page format.
- (6) "THE SWAMP STALKERS" by LARRY LIEBER and WIN MORTIMER, showed that you seem to prefer Man-Thing's swamp.
- (7) "THEY WAIT BELOW" by BERNARD KRIEGSTEIN, was our reprint. We know you loved it; you were just too embarrassed to tell us!

Send all comments, criticisms, wet balloons, and woolen stockings to:

THE HAUNT OF HORROR
Marvel Monster Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York NY 10022

The sad-but-true tale of an editor who struggled to write an editorial, or—

The Marvel Bullpen Page Goes Black and White and Read All Over

Don and Dave asked me to say hello! That's *Don McGregor* and *Dave Kraft*—and for those of you who have spent the past months living aboard Skylab Two, they were the assistant editors of Mighty Marvel's color comics. They now *are* (note the subtle change of tense) full-fledged Editors-in-standing of the ever-burgeoning multitude of Marvel Magazines, and they'll be working hand-in-hand, and bleary-eyes-in-bleary-eyes with me to continue to make the many 75¢ and \$1.00 monster-sized mags the absolute greatest mind-blowing masterpieces to be found anywhere.

It almost boggles the mind when you think of it, but Marvel only entered the then-stagnating magazine field a scant two years ago with all of *four* full-sized, fear-filled monster mags, and today we are publishing almost *fifteen* (oh, them good ole days). Back in those prehistoric years the mags were half-comics, and half-articles and reprints—now we can safely say they are all new; fact is, the only time we use reprint material is when either that ole debil deadlines, or the far-famed Post Office Service, give us a nasty kick in the rear. As for the articles, they've mostly been replaced either with comic art pages or short prose stories about our characters... and an entirely new magazine was formed for those who dug the monster articles (MONSTERS OF THE

MOVIES, just in case ya forgot).

Truth to tell, friends, we made quite a few mistakes as we struggled through our infancy, and now that we've evolved all the way to upper adolescence, we still manage to make our share of full-fledged boners. But we are in there pushing, shoving and—above all—trying.

Take IRON FIST as an example. We've advertised the mag for months now—we've even printed the cover painting in our ads. Well, don't spend your weekends searching for it, 'cause the mag's not coming out—at least not in the next few weeks. After assembling the finished story and art, we took a long hard look at what *would've* been our first issue and, frankly, we didn't like it. There was something missing, some special *zing* that has always been in the Marvel line of comics, and rather than sell you something we didn't like ourselves (which would've meant that you might well have *hated* it), we scrapped the mag and we're starting all over again. When we're satisfied that IRON FIST will be something a mite more than special, you'll be seeing it.

As for our already existing magazines, Don, Dave and I will be working day and night—and probably a few hours in between—to give you the best we can. This is just the beginning, friends—only *just* the beginning!

—Marv Wolfman

ITEM! Because the Wondrous Wolfman's remarks took up almost all the room for this page, we only have space for a few incredibly important announcements. So don't blink, friends—or you're liable to miss 'em!

ITEM! A scant few months ago, in our cavortin' color comics, we spilled the beans about our far-flung softball team. Well, it's end-of-the-season time as we scribble this, and we kinda figured you might wanna know how the batty Bullpen fared as junior league Hank Aarons. Sad to say, our first few games proved we were not quite ready for a plaque at Cooperstown, but by season's end, there was no stopping us. Though we fumbled our try with the VILLAGE VOICE, and we stumbled over our uniforms with that advertising giant BBD&O, we rallied and knocked the sails out of Islandic Airlines, and pushed Warren Publishing into its well-deserved last place with a tremendous 16-to-6 runaway. Practically everyone up at the office joined in on the fun, with the possible exception of our peerless production boss, JOHN VERPOORTEN. Seems Jumbo John couldn't bring himself to see his entire staff playing the bases, instead of laboring over their typewriters or drawing boards. Maybe NEXT year, John (or if we ever get the courage to invite the Playboy Bunnies to a game of touch football!) So it's now checklist time! See ya next month!

ITEM! We only have room to tell you there's no more room to tell you anything.

DRACULA LIVES #10. Dracula invades London for the first time—in our now-hailed classic adaptation of Bram



Stoker's original novel—plus Lifth, Daughter of Dracula, in a fear-fraught tale of terrible terror. On sale November 5.

TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #9. Simon Garth is granted life for 24 hours. Need we say more? An extra-long Zombie thriller. On sale November 12.

HAUNT OF HORROR #5. Satana battles the endless minions of her father, the overlord of Hell—and Gabriel faces the most horrifying menace any man has ever battled. On sale November 19.

PLANET OF THE APES #4. A riverboat named Simian

leads Jason and Alexander through the Forbidden Zone; also, chapter four of our PLANET OF THE APES adaptation. On sale November 22.

SAVAGE TALES #8. Enter—Shanna the She-Devil, as our jungle lass teams up with Ka-Zar to battle in the Savage Land. On sale November 28.

DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #8. Shang-Chi versus his father's endless minions, while The Sons Of The Tiger face the terrible wrath of the Silent Ones. On sale December 3.

NOVEMBER 12, 1974, 11:42 PM:
THE AIR STINKS IN HARLEM,
OF SQUALOR AND NEGLECT,
SOUR BILE AND ROTTING
GARBAGE...

BUT CAN'T
YOU WAIT ANOTHER
WEEK? THE DOCTOR
SAID IT'LL BE TWO
AT THE MOST--!

IT STINKS, TOO, OF AN
ENCROACHING
PRESENCE BEYOND
THE SENSES.

AND HERE WE SIT
--TEN-YEAR-OLD COMPLA-
CENT ANACHRONISMS. LAWS
DO NOT CONSTITUTE
REALITY, CHARLOTTE--THEY
MERELY ATTEMPT TO
GOVERN IT.

AND IF THERE
ARE STILL PEOPLE WHO
ARE IGNORANT OF THE
LAWS, THEY MUST BE
EDUCATED--TO ENFORCE
THE LAWS.

ALL RIGHT,
MICHAEL. DO WHAT
YOU FEEL IS BEST.
IT'S WHAT YOU'VE
ALWAYS DONE.


YOU BELONG HERE,
MICHAEL. OUR BABY--

--MUST NOT GROW UP IN
THIS WORLD, CHARLOTTE. CAN'T
YOU SEE THAT? IF THINGS DON'T
CHANGE, OUR BABY WILL BE
FORCED TO LIVE IN THE
SAME--

WHY MUST YOU
FOREVER CRUSADE,
MICHAEL? THE CIVIL RIGHTS
LAW WAS PASSED TEN
YEARS AGO.

GABRIEL DEVIL-HUNTER

The POSSESSION of JENNY CHRISTOPHER



OF COURSE
I'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO
DO MY BEST. DO YOU
WANT ME TO DO MY
WORST...?

LOOK--
SAVE THE TEARS FOR
WHEN I COME BACK,
HONEY. IT WON'T BE LONG
...MAYBE EVEN BEFORE
THE BABY
ARRIVES...

NOW, I WANT
YOU TO PROMISE
ME SOMETHING,
HONEY.

IF I'M DELAYED,
I WANT YOU TO PROMISE
YOU'LL KEEP THE CHILD
PURE--AND PROTECT
IT FROM EVIL.

OF COURSE,
MICHAEL...
BUT WHY--

MICHAEL--
WAIT A MINUTE.
WHY DO YOU THINK
YOU'LL BE
DELAYED--?

MICHAEL--
ANSWER ME.
WHAT MAKES YOU
THINK--



KLEICH

--YOU WON'T
BE BACK...?

NOVEMBER 13, 1974, 12:55 AM:
A SLEEK 707 SHUDDERS AND LIFTS OFF
FROM LA GUARDIA INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT...

WOULD YOU CARE
FOR A PILLOW,
SIR?



NO...
THANK YOU.

I'M QUITE
COMFORTABLE.

ALL RIGHT,
SIR--ENJOY THE
FLIGHT THEN.



1:01 AM: THE
JET HAS BEEN
AIRBORNE FOR
SCARCELY SIX
MINUTES--



--WHEN THE
ENGINE
COUGHS...



...AND ABRUPTLY
DIES.

SHREEEEEEE

KWOOOM

1:02 AM: THE PLANE
HAS LANDED...

...EIGHT HUNDRED MILES
SHORT OF ITS DES-
TINATION.



NOVEMBER 13, 1974, 9:00 AM:
THE WORKDAY BEGINS, FOR
THOSE INVOLVED IN MUNDANE
PURSUITS...

AS WELL
AS FOR
OTHERS...

GABRIEL?

GABRIEL, ARE
YOU IN YET?

THAT NEW
BOOK YOU
ORDERED IS--

GABRIEL...?

9:01 AM: A JARRING
NOISE SOUNDS
ABRUPTLY.

...SHATTERING
SLEEP.

BRING
BRING
BRING

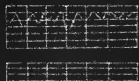
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

BRI-
BRI-
BRI-





NOVEMBER 13, 1974.
8:43 PM: AN INFANT
IS DELIVERED TO
THE WORLD...



BUT CHARLOTTE
CHRISTOPHER
DOES NOT FEEL
THE NEED TO
GIVE THANKS...



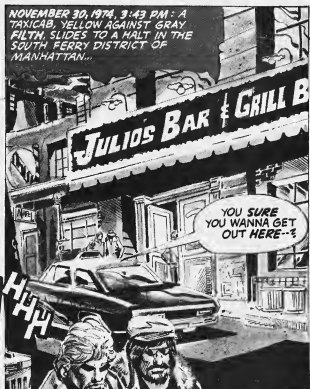
...FOR HER CHILD IS BORN--

SWAP



--FATHERLESS.

NOVEMBER 30, 1974, 3:43 PM: A
TAXICAB, YELLOW AGAINST GRAY
FILTH, SLIDES TO A HALT IN THE
SOUTH FERRY DISTRICT OF
MANHATTAN...



QUITE SURE.



HEY,
EDDIE-- GET
A LOAD O' THAT.

WANNA
DRINK, SWEETIE?





DREAMS...
DARK DREAMS THAT
SUCKED ME DOWN THERE
WITH THEM... PHONE
CALLS... CALLS WHICH
EXPLAINED MY DREAMS...
TAUNTED ME...

YOU MUST
UNDERSTAND, DESADIA...
THEY WERE ALL FROM THE
SAME ONE--FROM MY WIFE...
FROM YOU--FROM THE ONE
WHO TOOK ME-- TOOK MY
FAITH--AND MY EYE...

EVEN CALLED
ME HERE... HORRIBLE...
TOLD ME OF MY FUTURE...
MY DEATH...AND AFTER...

HAVEN'T SLEPT,
DESADIA...OR EATEN...
FOR WEEKS...

I'M DRUNK,
DESADIA... I
NEED...

--HELP...

NOVEMBER 30, 11:18 PM:
A MOTHER SITS, RIGID AND
UNMOVING, AS SHE HAS SINCE
EARLY THIS MORNING. SITS
AND SILENTLY MOURNS THE
FATHER OF HER CHILD...



SHE IS NOT AWARE OF
THE AIR IN HER SMALL
APARTMENT...EVEN WHEN
IT SUDDENLY TURNS
FRIGID...

...FOR IT WAS JUST THIS
MORNING THAT SHE FULLY
REALIZED WITH STARK AND
IRREVOCABLE CERTAINTY,
THAT HER HUSBAND WILL
NEVER RETURN.



HONEY...?

MICHAEL--?



YES,
CHARLOTTE--
I'M BACK.

I'VE COME
HOME,
CHARLOTTE...

IT IS YOUR
VOICE, MICHAEL--
--IT IS!!



YES,
CHARLOTTE--I'VE
FREED OUR PEOPLE--
FREED US ALL--AND
I'VE COME HOME.

OH, MICHAEL --
I KNEW YOU'D
COME BACK-- I
KNEW IT!!



YES, HONEY-- AND
WASN'T IT BETTER TO
SAVE YOUR TEARS FOR
MY RETURN...?



OH, YES,
MICHAEL-- OF
COURSE IT--



MICHAEL...?





DECEMBER 1, 9:30 AM: A MAN WHOSE SOUL IS PERPETUALLY IN JEOPARDY... HAS REGAINED CONTROL AT LEAST OF HIS FLESH.



HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME, DESADIA?

I KNEW, GABRIEL. THAT IS ENOUGH.

DID YOU... DREAM?



NOT LAST NIGHT...

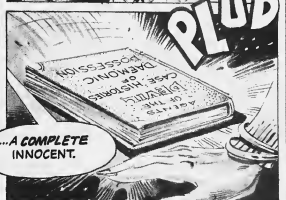
THEN THE DANGER HAS PASSED?

TO THE CONTRARY...



IT HAS JUST BEGUN.

AND THIS TIME, THE VICTIM IS A DISTURBING ONE...



DECEMBER 2, MIDNIGHT: A
WOMAN STANDS ON A PRE-
CIPICE OF GRIEF... ABOVE THE
ABYSS OF MADNESS.

THE DOCTOR SAID
IT WAS BECAUSE I LOST
YOU, MICHAEL... THAT I WAS
DELUGED BY ANXIETY...

...THAT MY
GRIEF CAUSED
HALLUCINATIONS...





DECEMBER 2, 10:15 AM: A MORNING WIND, BITING AND CHILL, WRAPS A BUILDING FAMOUS AROUND THE WORLD...

ON THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR, TWO PEOPLE... WAIT.

NO, GABRIEL.

AND YOU STILL DON'T KNOW WHO IT IS?

NO.

STILL NO CALLS, DESADIA...

THEN ALL WE CAN DO IS HOPE FOR THE CALL.

DECEMBER 2, 11:04 AM: DR. JAMES RAISTON IS A MAN OF MEDICINE, OF RATIONAL AND SCIENTIFIC MEANS...

HE IS NOT INFALLIBLE, NOR IS HE, FORTUNATELY, TOO PROUD TO ADMIT IT.

--ANY MORE ABOUT GRIEF OR ANXIETY, DOCTOR? I'VE HEARD ALL I CAN TAKE--

LOOK AT JENNY'S FACE. COME ON, YOU'VE SEEN IT-- AND YOU KNOW IT'S NO HALLUCINATION!

NOW WHAT IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

I'M GOING TO SEND YOU HOME, MRS. CHRISTOPHER...

AND THEN I'M GOING TO CALL THE ONE MAN IN THIS WORLD WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOUR CHILD.

11:16 AM: THE WAITING HAS ENDED.

"-- HARLEM."

ARE YOU
READY,
GABRIEL?

YOU
RECEIVED
THE CALL?

YES -- FROM A
DR. RALSTON. THE
SUBJECT IS AN
INFANT, ON 123rd
STREET IN--

-- THE USUAL
MANIFESTATIONS, GABRIEL.
AND HE CAUTIONED THAT
THE MOTHER IS EXTREMELY
DISTRAUGHT. THE FATHER
WAS A MINISTER...

FAR FROM
SURPRISING.

ARE YOU
A DOCTOR?

NO, MRS.
CHRISTOPHER...

I'M AN
EXORCIST.

MRS. CHARLOTTE
CHRISTOPHER?

YES...?

MY NAME IS
GABRIEL. DR. RALSTON
SENT ME...

A
WHAT--?!

YOUR DOCTOR IS
CONVINCED THAT JENNY
IS POSSESSED... BY A
DEMON.

HE IS HERE,
GABRIEL. I FEEL
HIM--HE'S OVER-
WHELMING.

A DEMON?! LOOK
HERE, MR. GABRIEL, I
GAVE UP BELIEVING IN
DEMONS WHEN I WAS A
CHILD--AND I WON'T HAVE
SOME WHITE WITCH-DOCTOR
TRYING TO SCARE ME BACK
INTO BELIEVING IN THEM.

I WOULD
SAY YOU'VE AL-
READY BEEN
SUFFICIENTLY
SCARED, MRS.
CHRISTOPHER.

AND IF I'M TO HELP
YOU... YOU'VE GOT TO
UNDERSTAND THAT
THE DEMON COULDN'T
CARE LESS WHETHER
YOUR DAUGHTER IS
BLACK--OR I AM
WHITE.







BECAUSE YOU DON'T
CARE ENOUGH ABOUT THIS
FLESH TO SAVE IT. IN FACT,
YOU HATE THIS FLESH--
IT'S BLACK.

MY SUIT IS
BLACK. IT'S STILL A
SUIT. JENNY CHRISTOPHER
IS STILL AN INNOCENT.

INNOCENT? DO
YOU KNOW WHAT WE'VE
DONE WITH HER-- HERE
INSIDE--IN THE DARKNESS?

NO. AND I DON'T
CARE. IT ONLY PROVES
YOU'RE NOT
INNOCENT.

WELL, AT LEAST
WE CAN PRAISE THE LORD
FOR ONE THING--

TRY IT.

WHAT?

PRAISING
THE LORD.

REALLY, GABRIEL--
YOU'RE BEGINNING TO
PROVOKE BOREDOM
IN YOUR OLD AGE.

THEN LEAVE THE
CHILD AND RID YOUR
SELF OF ME.

SUCH CONCERN
FOR THE LITTLE PIG-
SCUM. MAYBE I WAS
WRONG--MAYBE YOU LIKE
HER FLESH AFTER ALL.
HAVE YOU ALWAYS
WANTED A BLACK
TART...?

HAVE YOU
EVER BEEN
EXORCISED?

NO.

IT WAS
EXCRUCIATING,
WASN'T IT?

WHAT?

THE RITES
OF
EXORCISM.

I TOLD YOU IT
NEVER
HAPPENED--!



YOU TOLD
ME A
LIE.

SHUT UP,
GABRIEL!

DAMN
YOU!



YOU LIKE THE
LITTLE BLACK PIG'S
FLESH, GABRIEL--!
NOW I GIVE YOU
HER BLOOD--
SWIM IN IT,
BROKEN
PRIEST!!

DROWN
IN IT!!



SHUT UP!

KRACH
AT CH
AT CH
AT CH



RAH
RRR

OH MY
GOD--!!



YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE
MY BABY--HER BLOOD WAS
POURING FROM HER EYES--
SHE'LL DIE IF YOU DON'T
DO SOMETHING!!

WHY MUST YOU
FOREVER CRUSADE,
CHARLOTTE? THE
CIVIL RIGHTS LAW WAS
PASSED TEN YEARS AGO.
HYAH HAH HA HA HA!!



IT'S MICHAEL
AGAIN-- THAT'S
MICHAEL VOICE, FOR
GOD'S SAKE--HE'S
IN HELL!!

DON'T
LISTEN TO IT--
IT'S A TRICK!

WE'RE COMPLACENT
ANACHRONISMS, CHARLOTTE--
OUR BABY MUSTN'T GROW UP
IN THIS WORLD! PROMISE ME
YOU'LL KEEP HER PURE--AND
PROTECT HER FROM
EVIL!!





DECEMBER 1, 1974.
3:34 PM: A CHILD IS AGAIN BORN TO THE WORLD--AND FOR A MOMENT, THE AIR IN HARLEM... SMELLS CLEAN.

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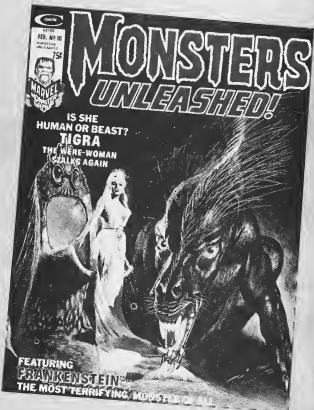
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AS A RESPONSE TO
THE WEREWOLF, I GOT THE
TRIANGLE, THE W-TWIN, THE
BACON-TOILET GUARDS,
AN INMUTABLE STONE GARDEN,
SOME SKELETONS TO SLOWLY
WITH DISSECTING ALIVE
MOST AS THOUGH ALIVE



I TELL
YOU I'M
SICK AND
TIRED OF ALL
THIS WITCH-
CRAFT
BULL!

CANDLES AND
PENTAGRAMS!
INVERTED CROSSES
AND INCANTATIONS!
IT'S SICK, ALL OF
IT--DEPRAVED! IT'S
PERVERTED!

I WARN YOU,
JOHN... THAT
ALTHOUGH I'VE NEVER
USED SATAN-
ISM TO PURSUE
EVIL, IT IS A
STRONG VESSEL
OF VENGEANCE!

THREAT-
ENING ME
NOW, EH?

WELL, HERE'S
WHAT I THINK
OF YOUR LOUSY
WITCHCRAFT--
OF YOUR DAMNED
CANDLES!

JOHN--DON'T
YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT CAN
HAPPEN--!

WHAT'S
GONNA HAPPEN?
IS THE CANDLE
GONNA JUMP UP AND
BURN ME 'CAUSE
I KICKED IT
OVER?!

IS THIS
HIDEOUS DEMON-
PAINTING GONNA
COME TO LIFE AND
KILL ME BECAUSE I'M
BLOODY SICK OF LOOK-
ING AT IT--BECAUSE I'VE
DEPED IT TIME TO
PUT A SLASH
THROUGH IT?!

JOHN--
NO! PUT
THAT POKER
DOWN! THAT'S
ASTAROTH
YOU'RE DEFILING
--THE WICKED
DEMON OF VENGEANCE!

HE'LL NEVER
FORGIVE YOU,
JOHN--
NEVER!



HREE

SPIDERS. GOOSE FLESH

PUT THAT
POKER DOWN
BEFORE YOU DO
ANY MORE
DAMAGE!

LET
GO OF
ME, YOU
SCUMMY
WITCH!

YOU'RE ONLY
PROVING
WHAT I'VE SUS-
PECTED FOR THE
LAST THREE
YEARS--YOU
HATE ME!

YOU CARE
MORE ABOUT YOUR
STINKIN' WITCH-
CRAFT THAN
ABOUT YOUR OWN
HUSBAND!

SWAP!

UNFF!

I WON'T
FORGET
THIS,
JOHN!

ASTAROTH
WON'T
FORGET IT!!

SHUT UP
ABOUT THAT
JUNK!

SHUT
UP!

SHUT
UP!!!

NO--
DON'T--
NO!!!

THERE... I'VE DONE
IT.

YOU'RE
DEAD.

DEAD?

FRAN...
DEAD...?

OH GOD, FRAN
--WHAT HAVE I
DONE?

I'VE
MURDERED
YOU--!

BUT... ISN'T THAT
WHAT... I WANTED
TO DO...?

YES, OF
COURSE
IT IS.

NOW--
I DON'T HAVE
TO LISTEN TO
YOUR SHRILL
VOICE-- YOUR
WAILING INCAN-
TATIONS!

DON'T HAVE TO
PUT UP WITH ALL
THIS SATANISH
GARBAGE!



JOHN REMEMBERED HOW FRAN HAD PURCHASED THE EXORBITANTLY PRICED ORIENTAL RUG WITHOUT CONSULTING HIM.





CONVULSING WITH SHUDDERS OF TERROR, JOHN STUMBLED INTO THE LOBBY, STABBED THE BUTTON FOR THE ELEVATOR...



BACK SO SOON, MR. CHANDLER?

TAKE ME UP...UP TO MY APARTMENT...



SOMETHING **WRONG**, MR. CHANDLER? YOU SEEM TO BE **SHAKING**...

NO, I'M **FINE**... JUST NEED SOME **REST**... I'LL BE ALL RIGHT ONCE I GET INSIDE MY...



WATER... MY APARTMENT'S **FLOODED**! WHERE DID IT ALL **COME FROM**...?

YOU FORGOT TO TURN OFF YOUR **FAUCET**, MR. CHANDLER



YOU SHOULD BE MORE **CAREFUL**.

WHY, YOU COULD HAVE **RUINED** ALL THESE **SACRED OBJECTS**...

...WHICH **REMINDS** ME --WHEN YOU SEE YOUR **WIFE**, WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO INFORM HER THAT I HAVE A **MESSAGE** FOR HER...?



FRANTICALLY, JOHN SCRAMBLED FROM HIS FLAMING BIER--

...AND WHEN HE SAW THE CAUSE OF THE FIRE, HIS PANIC ESCALATED TO FLARING HORROR.

...SNATCHING A PILLOW TO BEAT AT THE SMOKY UNPLEASANT CONFLAGRATION...

IT WAS A CANDLE, SET CLOSE TO HIS BED... A CANDLE LIKE THE ONE IN THE PENTAGRAM HE HAD EARLIER AND SAVAGELY KICKED OVER...

HE STOOD FROZEN FOR A MOMENT, DRENCHED IN RIVULETS OF COLD SWEAT, THEN THE VOICES FROM THE OTHER ROOM CAME...

GET OUT OF MY BODY!

NO-- I NEED IT, JUST UNTIL THIS IS FINISHED.

LORD, IT CAN'T BE... BUT THAT SECOND VOICE SOUNDED LIKE FRAN'S--!

NO ONE HERE THE ROOM'S EMPTY THAT CINCHES IT'VE GONE OVER THE EDGE--

--TRIED TO COMMIT SUICIDE WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING IT. PUT THAT CANDLE THERE MYSELF...

NO--!

THE PAINTING--IT'S BLANK! NOTHING BUT WHITE CANVAS... AND THE GASH I PUT IN IT!

BUT... BUT WHERE'S THE DEMON--?!

JOHN SLOWLY SENSED THE ACID ARMS OF BRIMSTONE... THE HEAT OF A LURKING PRESENCE BEHIND HIM...

HE WHIRLED... TO CONFRONT...

ASTAROTH...
...BLEEDS. ASTAROTH
FEELS PAIN.
ASTAROTH IS THE
DEMON OF
VENGEANCE.

YOU
CAUSED
ASTAROTH'S PAIN.
YOU SHALL FEEL
HIS VENGEANCE
BURSTING IN
YOUR HEART.

...NO...

JOHN
WHIMPERED,
STAGGERED BACK--

--FELL, AND GAZED IN
APPALLED DISBELIEF
AS THE DEMON SHIM-
MERED WITH INNER
FIRE--

NO...
NO..!

--SHIMMERED AND
DISSOLVED...
COALESCING INTO
A NEW FORM--

FRAN--!

YES, IT'S
ME, JOHN. IT'S
FRAN, YOUR BE-
LOVED WIFE.
COME TO ME,
JOHN.

COME AND
KISS THE BLOOD
FROM MY FACE
...THE BLOOD YOU
SPILLED.

JOHN CRACKED, HOPELESSLY GRIPPED WITH
SCREAMING DEMENTIA, HE TWISTED AWAY
FROM THE LIVID SIGHT OF HIS DEAD WIFE'S BLOOD-
SLUMED FACE--AND BOLTED FOR THE ELE-
VATOR--

NO
NO
NO NO NO NO

MY GOD LET ME OUT
OF HERE OUT
OUT OUT OUT

HOW
ARE YOU,
MR.
CHANDLER?

TAKE
ME DOWN
--DOWN
AWAY
FROM
HERE!



AH, YOU MUST WANT TO GO DOWN AND CLEAN UP THE BLOOD THAT SPILLED FROM YOUR BEAUTIFUL RUG...

BLOOD... FROM MY RUG...?

YES, YOU *KNOW* WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.

BUT DON'T WORRY--I'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO TAKE YOU DOWN *BEYOND* THE FIRST FLOOR.

WH-WHAT ARE YOU *DOING*? WHERE ARE YOU *TAKING* ME--?!

WHY, JUST WHERE YOU SAID YOU *WANTED* TO GO, MR. CHANDLER--



HERE WE ARE, MR. CHANDLER-- *BOTTOM FLOOR*--YOUR STOP.

NO... THOSE PEOPLE... IN *BLACK ROBES*...

NO-- WHAT ARE YOU *GOING* TO ME? WHO ARE YOU?!

SATANISTS, MR. CHANDLER, WE'VE ALL BEEN *AWAITING* YOUR ARRIVAL...

...ESPECIALLY THE *LEADER* OF OUR COVEN--

WELCOME, DEAR HUSBAND. YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK DEATH WOULD PART US SO *EASILY*, DID YOU?

I TOLD YOU ASTAROTH WOULDN'T *FORGET*--EVEN IF I HAD TO POSSESS HIS BODY AND *FORCE* HIM TO *REMEMBER*.

OF COURSE I HAD TO PROMISE HIM A *FAVOR* IN RETURN FOR THE USE OF HIS *BODY*...

...YOUR BODY... IN *SACRIFICE*.

JOHN SCREAMED.

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"No, Tony. But hum a few bars and I'll stake it."

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DESTINY: OBLIVION

"BEAUTY IS IN THE EYE OF THE
BEHOLDER." A HANDY CATCH-
PHRASE...

"...AND ONE THAT APTLY SUMS UP
17 YEARS OF LIFE FOR RAYMOND
PRICE, BORN DEFORMED."

FREAK, MUTANT, UGLY, THEY ALL
DESCRIBE HIM. CRUELLY, THEY
DESCRIBE...

A HUMAN BEING.



IT'S NOT **OFTEN** THAT CASUAL
CONVERSATION IS OFFERED TO
A FREAK--

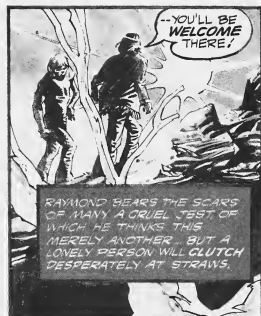


--AND SLEEP IS **FORGOTTEN** AS
AN OUTCAST HALTINGLY RESPONDS
TO HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP.



YET, **DAY** MUST
EVER FOLLOW
NIGHT--

--AND DAWN RAYS EXPOSE RAYMOND PRICE,
WHO TURNS TO LEAVE IN ANTICIPATION OF THE
DISGUST HE FULLY EXPECTS FROM HIS
LATELY-FOUND FRIEND.



DAYS PASS. SOME OF THE
HAPPIEST THAT RAYMOND
PRICE HAS EVER KNOWN.

BUT ALWAYS, THERE IS THE
QUESTION... THE DOUBT THAT
KEEPS NAGGING AT HIS BRAIN--

"ARE THEY BEFRIENDING
HIM OUT OF PITY?"

AND, PERHAPS MOST PAINFULLY
OF ALL, HE COMES TO THE
CONCLUSION:

YES.

IT IS TIME... I
MUST LEAVE.

GOODBYE...

IT WAS A HARD DECISION, TO
SAY FAREWELL RATHER THAN
JUST FADE AWAY--

--BUT THESE ARE THE ONLY
FRIENDS THAT A MISSHAPEY
YOUNG MAN HAS EVER HAD...

...AND THE ONLY ONES HE IS
EVER LIKELY TO HAVE.

HEY, MAN, WHAT'S
HAPPENIN'?

NOTHING.

HAVE A DRINK?

YOU LOOK...
THIRSTY.

AND SIMPLE
MINDED ENOUGH TO
BE CONTROLLED.

COMIN' FROM
THAT... COMMUNE...
UP IN THE HILLS?
THERE'S A CHICK
UP THERE... I
THINK HER NAME
IS CYNTHIA--

--BRING
HER TO
ME!

FAUGH!

THE WORLD SUDDENLY GROWS HAZY UNREAL, AND RAYMOND'S THOUGHTS BECOME SLUGGISH AND FINALLY CONGEAL. FOR HOW CAN HE KNOW HE'S JUST BEEN...

DRUGGED

THE GIRL, FREAK--
BRING ME THE
GIRL!

...DRUGGED WITH FLORIPONDIO,
CALLED THE "DEMON-BROTH" BY
WOMEN OF THE RIO NAPO REGION
OF SOUTH AMERICA...

...WHO USE IT TO DEADEN
THE MINDS OF HUSBANDS
WHOM THEY NO LONGER
WANT!

TIME PASSES, BUT DOES NOT DISTURB
THE MENTAL SLUMBER INDUCED BY THE
DRUG. RAYMOND FINDS CYNTHIA ALONE...



RAYMOND--
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

LET GO OF
ME!



WUNT!



CAN'T... THINK!
JUST KEEP
HEARING...
VOICE!

THE VOICE: MOST ASSUREDLY, THE SILENT VOCALIZATION
OF MADNESS!

FOR IT COMMANDS
NOT ONLY RAYMOND.



...BUT ALSO A
CULT OF SATAN-
SPAWNED
KILLERS!

THE VOICE: A RASPY HOARSENESS
THAT COMMANDS RAYMOND'S EVERY
ACTION AND CANNOT BE DIS-
OBEYED.

DRINK! ALL OF YOU, DRINK THE BITTER BREW OF HELL-- AND PREPARE THE SACRIFICE!

THINKING IS DIFFICULT FOR THOSE LOST IN THE ECSTASIES OF THE 'BRAIN-KILLER'--



A SHARP COLD KNIFE IS PRESSED INTO RAYMOND'S HANDS, AND WHEN THE COMMAND COMES, HE MUST OBEY...



IT'S THE SCREAM THAT FINALLY GETS THROUGH TO HIM--



--AND SUDDENLY, DESPITE THE FOG IN HIS BRAIN, RAYMOND KNOWS WHAT HE HAS DONE... KNOWS THAT A CRUEL JEST HAS BEEN PLAYED ON HIM FOR THE HUNDRETH TIME...

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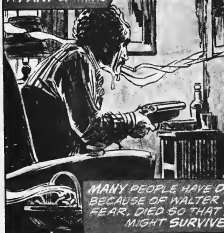


BUT RAYMOND KNOWS IT **WILL** HAPPEN AGAIN. FOR HE WAS NOT BORN NORMAL-- AND NOTHING WILL ERASE FOR HIM THE PAIN THAT IS LIFE.



PROLOGUE:

HIS NAME IS WALTER DEAN, AND HE LIVES IN TERROR FOR HIS LIFE. HE'S LIVED A LONG TIME WITH THAT FEAR, SO LONG THAT IT'S BECOME A PART OF HIM.



MANY PEOPLE HAVE DIED BECAUSE OF WALTER DEAN'S FEAR. DIED SO THAT HE MIGHT SURVIVE.



TONIGHT, THOUGH, IT IS DIFFERENT. TONIGHT, IT'S HIS TURN.

SKRITCH!



HE KNOWS THIS.



SH-RAK

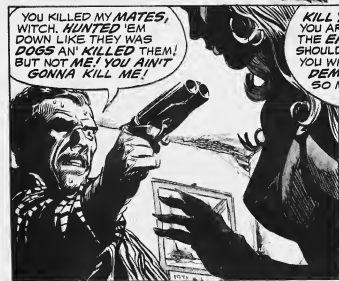


GNNRRGH!



HOLD IT, WITCH!

ONE MORE MOVE, AN' I'LL BLAST THAT PRETTY FACE OF YOURS INTO A BLOODY PULP!



YOU KILLED MY MATES, WITCH. HUNTED 'EM DOWN LIKE THEY WAS DOGS AN' KILLED THEM! BUT NOT ME! YOU AIN'T GONNA KILL ME!



KILL YOU, OLD MAN? YOU ARE NOT WORTH THE EFFORT. WHY SHOULD SATANA KILL YOU WHEN YOUR OWN DEMONS WILL DO A SO MUCH BETTER JOB?

LOOK ON ME, WORM, GAZE DEEP INTO SATANA'S EYES--

AND SEE YOUR OWN SOUL!



THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER

IF THIS BE HELL...?

HER NAME IS
SATANA
HELLSTROM,
AND SHE IS THE
DEVIL'S
DAUGHTER,
BORN OF A
UNION
BETWEEN
LUCIFER--
LORD OF HELL--
AND A MORTAL
WOMAN. SHE IS
PROUD OF HER
HERITAGE.

ALL HER YOUNG LIFE
SHE HAS WORSHIPPED
HER FATHER. HIS
WORD IS TRUTH; HIS
WILL LAW. SHE HAS
NEVER QUESTIONED
HIM, NEVER DOUBTED
HIM.

THINGS
CHANGE.

AND BE DAMNED!

BUT FOR NOW--
SATANA IS HER
FATHER'S
DAUGHTER;
AND THERE IS
NO MERCY
IN HER.

YOU ARE MINE
NOW, HUMAN. YOUR
WILL IS MINE.
YOUR SOUL
IS MINE--

--SO HEAR ME,
LITTLE MAN. AND
TELL ME ABOUT
MILES GORNEY.

MILES GORNEY. SHE'D FIRST HEARD HIS NAME LONG MONTHS
AGO, WHEN SHE'D COME TO EARTH ON A MISSION FOR HER
FATHER--

--ONLY TO FIND HERSELF
TRAPPED THERE BY THE
ARCANE POWERS OF THE
FOUR-- GORNEY'S MYSTIC
CABAL.

MILES GORNEY,
ON THE SUR-
FACE, A MAN
LIKE ANY
OTHER MAN--

SATANA AND HER INCUBUS COMPANION,
ZANNARTH, CONFRONTED THE FOUR IN
THE CAVE OF THE WINDS-- ONE OF
THE LEGENDARY NETHER GATES
INTO HELL-- AND HER FOES WERE
SLAIN. AT A COST:

--WITH ONE EXCEPTION.
WHERE OTHER MEN MIGHT
DREAM OF RULING NATIONS,
EVEN EMPIRES, MILES GORNEY
DREAMS OF RULING HELL!
A DREAM THAT IS NEAR
REALITY.

ZANNARTH'S LIFE!*

*AS SEEN IN VAMPIRE
TALES #S 263, AND
H.O.H. # 264--DON.

SHE SWORE
GORNEY'S
DEATH
THAT DAY.

WELL, WELL,
WELL--WHAT
HAVE WE
GOT HERE?

WALLY DEAN,
YOU BEEN HOLDIN'
OUT ON YO'
BROTHER--

BUT WHO'D'A
THOUGHT A
CREEP LIKE
YOU'D HAVE
A FOX LIKE
THIS TUCKED
AWAY SOME-
WHERE.
SHAME
ON YOU,
WALLY-
BOY.

SINCE THEN SHE HAS
SEARCHED FOR MILES
GORNEY, LEAVING THE FIRES
OF BURNING SOULS TO MARK
HER PATH. WALLY DEAN CROSSED
THAT PATH-- AND DIED.

SO WILL THIS... MAN.

AND HE HAD LAUGHED.



HEY, WALLY-BOY,
WHY YOU LYIN'...?

H-HIS FACE!
WHAT DID YOU
DO TO HIS FACE,
WOMAN? WHAT'D
YOU DO TO
HIM?!



WHAT I
AM ABOUT
TO DO TO
YOU...

KISS ME,
HUMAN.



DO NOT BE
AFRAID, HUMAN.
IS THIS NOT WHAT
YOU WANTED?

HEAR MY VOICE.
SATANA CALLS
YOU. **COME** TO
HER. KISS HER...



AND DIE!

SO, ANOTHER PUNY
SOUL SACRIFICED
ON MY FATHER'S
ALTER. THE
SUCCUBUS
HAS STRUCK
AGAIN.

THAT WOULDN'T
AMUSE **HERON**, WOULD
IT, **SATANA**? HE WOULD
HAVE CRIED, 'HOLD,
SATANA. ALL LIFE
IS SACRED. EVEN
THIS GUTTER SCUM'S.'

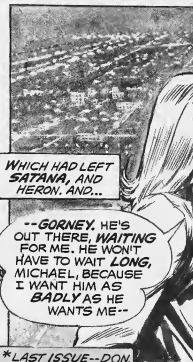


HERON. ANOTHER NAME,
ANOTHER FACE. **MICHAEL**
HERON. SURGEON. EX-PRIEST.
A MAN WHO FOUND **SATANA**
NEAR-DEAD IN A BACK-ALLEY.
A MAN WHO SAVED HER LIFE.

SATANA HAD
PAID THAT DEBT
BY SAVING
HERON'S LIFE.
AT A COST.



EXITER. HER FAMILIAR. THE ONLY
BEING IN ALL OF HELL **SATANA**
HAD CALLED--'FRIEND.'*

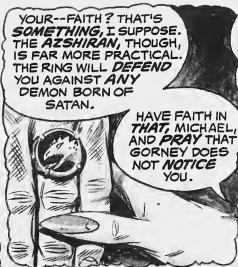


WHICH HAD LEFT
SATANA, AND
HERON. AND...

--**GORNEY**. HE'S
OUT THERE, WAITING
FOR ME. HE WON'T
HAVE TO WAIT LONG,
MICHAEL, BECAUSE
I WANT HIM AS
BADLY AS HE
WANTS ME--

SATANA, YOU
CAN'T FIGHT
GORNEY ALONE.
LET ME--

*LAST ISSUE--DON.





FOR A TIME, SHE IS
IN LIMBO--KNOWING
NOTHING, FEELING
NOTHING-- JUST
DRIFTING--HEALING--

UNTIL THE DARKNESS
IS SHATTERED--
BLINDING LIGHT
RAVAGING HER
EYES, DEAFENING
SOUNDS PIERCING
HER EARS-- AN
AGONY THAT
THREATENS TO
DRIVE HER MAD--

--IF IT DOESN'T
KILL HER
FIRST.

KILL HER? WHY
NOT? ON EARTH,
SATAN'S DAUGHTER
IS AS FAIR A
PRIZE AS ANY
HUMAN FILTH.

Aye, DEATH WOULD TAKE HER--

--IF SHE LET HIM.

BUT DEATH IS NOT INTERESTED
IN SATANA--YET.

MS. HELLSTROM,
NO! YOU'RE CHOKING
ME! P-PLEASE, MS.
HELLSTROM,
YOU'RE CHOKING
ME!

WHO ARE YOU,
WOMAN? WHAT
IS THIS PLACE?

I-I'M MR.
GORNEY'S
SECRETARY
--ONE OF
THEM, ANY-
WAY-- HE
SENT ME TO
TELL YOU
THAT HE'LL
BE PLEASED
TO SEE YOU
NOW.

IF YOU'LL
FOLLOW
ME.

AS FOR WHERE
WE ARE; THIS IS
MR. GORNEY'S
CORPORATE
HEADQUARTERS.

MISS CERIEIN? MS.
HELLSTROM IS
HERE TO SEE MR.
GORNEY--

THANK
YOU, MISS
WARDEN.

MR. GORNEY IS
EXPECTING YOU,
MISS HELLSTROM.
PLEASE GO
RIGHT IN.



"YOUR INCUBUS,
FOR EXAMPLE.
ZANNARTH IS NOT
A VERY STALWART
FELLOW. I'M AFRAID
NO CREDIT TO HIS
RACE AT ALL. HE
SCREAMS
TOO MUCH."



SATANA. IN
HELL'S NAME,
HELP ME.
HELP
MEEEEEEEEE...

"NOT SO YOUR FAMILIAR.
HE BEARS HIS PAIN IN
SILENCE."

NO. THIS IS NOT EXITER.
EXITER DIED. I SAW HIM
DIE AND I SPREAD HIS
ASHES ON
THE WIND.



EXITER IS
DEAD AND HIS
SPIRIT IS FREE.
THIS--ALL THIS--
IS A LIE!



AND THEN THERE IS
THE EX-PRIEST. YOUR
HUMAN... FRIEND. HE
STILL LIVES--
FOR NOW.

THE FOOL TRIED TO
FIGHT ME WITH THE
AZSHIRAN RING--
IT COST HIM A
HAND.



I OFFERED HIM WEALTH,
POWER, IMMORTALITY,
EVEN A NEW HAND--AND
HE DENIED ME. I GAVE HIM
UNIMAGINABLE PAIN--AND
HE STILL DENIES ME.



AS DO
I!



SATANA, NO!
YOU DON'T KN--
GNINGH!



I KNOW
THAT YOU'RE A
TRAITOR, AGATHON.
AND A TRAITOR
DESERVES ONLY--



DEATH!





THIS CHARADE
HAS GONE TOO
FAR, SATANA!
IT WILL END--
NOW!!



AYE, IT WILL END
NOW, MILES GORNEY.
BUT *NOT* THE WAY
YOU THINK--

THAK!



YOU TALK
TOO MUCH,
HELLSPAWN!

CHAP!



GAIL!



ALL-- BROKEN
INSIDE. MUST
BE DYING.
BUT I
JUST WON'T
ACCEPT
DEATH...
YET...
NOT...
YET.

GOT TO
HELP..SATANA
...IF IT'S LAST
THING I...
DO.



YOU HAVE DEIFIED THE MASTER
LONG ENOUGH, DEMONSPAWN!
MAY YOUR SOUL ROAST IN ETERNAL
DAMNATION FOR THAT
DISLOYALTY!

PREPARE
TO DIE,
SATANA
HELLSTROM!

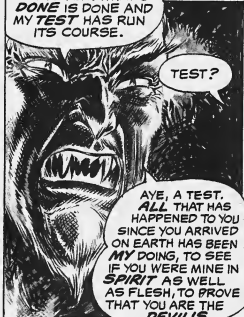




I SAID, HOLD. I DID NOT WANT HER DEAD.

I COULD CARE LESS WHAT YOU WANT --FATHER.

NO MATTER. WHAT'S DONE IS DONE AND MY TEST HAS RUN ITS COURSE.



TEST?

AYE, A TEST. ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU SINCE YOU ARRIVED ON EARTH HAS BEEN MY DOING, TO SEE IF YOU WERE MINE IN SPIRIT AS WELL AS FLESH, TO PROVE THAT YOU ARE THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER.

SO, DAUGHTER, MY DECEPTION IS DISCOVERED; HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN.



KNOWN? NEVER; I MERELY SUSPECTED. YOU SEE, FATHER, AGATHON WAS TOO GREAT A COWARD TO DARE DEFY YOU, WHATEVER THE TEMPTATION. AND WHO ELSE BUT SATAN COULD DESTROY A MAN WEARING THE AZSHIRAN?

AM I... YOURS, FATHER? ARE YOUR DOUBTS AT REST?



THEY WILL BE; ONCE YOU HAVE TAKEN THE PRIEST'S SOUL.

MY FATHER COMMANDS ME TO TAKE YOUR SOUL MICHAEL, TO CLAIM IT FOR SATAN AND HELL.



SATAN PRESUMES MUCH, MICHAEL, FOR YOUR SOUL IS NOT HIS TO CLAIM-- IT IS MINE.

MINE TO TAKE. MINE TO SPARE.



I GIVE YOU YOUR SOUL, MICHAEL HERON. DIE IN PEACE O MAN...

DIE FREE.





YOU ARE
TOO LATE,
FATHER.
THE MAN
IS DEAD.



TRAITOR! YOU
DARE DEFFY ME?
YOU DARE OPPOSE
SATAN HIMSELF?
WHO DO YOU THINK
YOU ARE?

I AM **SATANA** AND,
YES, I DEFFY YOU! I
AM NO **PAWN** ON YOUR
CHESSBOARD, SATAN.
I RULE MY DESTINY.



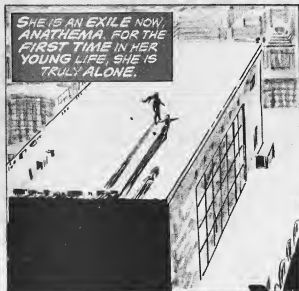
SO BE IT. YOU
RULE YOUR DESTINY,
SATANA. BUT RULE
IT **HERE**, ON THIS
DUST-MOTE, **EARTH.**
AND RULE IT
ALONE.

I EXILE YOU, SATANA,
NOW AND FOR **ALL TIME!**
I CAST YOU OUT! I
DENY YOU! ALL HELL
DENIES YOU! THE DAY
YOU LOOK UPON MY
FACE AGAIN IS
THE DAY YOU DIE!

HERE LIES
YOUR **DESTINY,**
SATANA. **CHOKO**
ON IT!



HER NAME IS **SATANA**
AND SHE IS THE DEVIL'S
DAUGHTER. ONCE
THAT MEANT
SOMETHING...



SHE IS AN EXILE NOW,
ANATHEMA. FOR THE
FIRST TIME IN HER
YOUNG LIFE, SHE IS
TRULY ALONE.



FOR THE FIRST TIME, SHE IS FREE.



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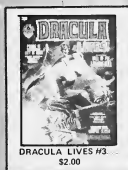
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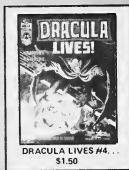
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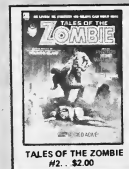
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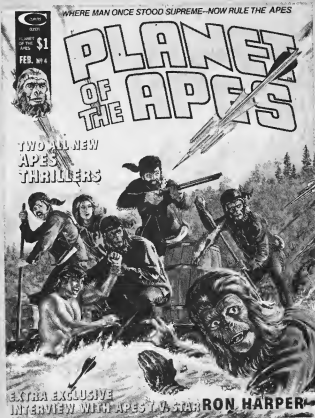
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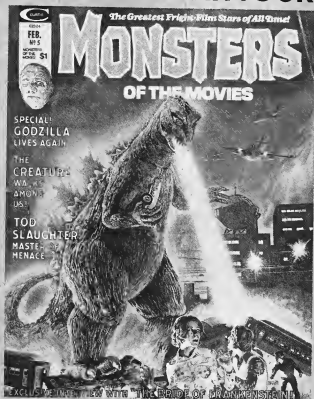
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But, frankly, with the recent editorial changes that threaten to consume the Bullpen with sheer madness... well... we've gotta admit you finally caught us. We've got a tremendous cache of top-notch material—it's just that we haven't had a chance to decide exactly which *other* terror tales to toss at you, yet. Fear not, frantic ones, *we will* decide by the time we reach press (we hope).

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